

# Our Dumb Animals



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# Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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Beethoven wrote once to a little eight-year-old-girl,—"I can admit no other sign of superiority than a good heart."

Every lover of peace, irrespective of nationality or creed, must have appreciated the plea of Pope Pius XI in his recent encyclical for abandonment of "the unbridled race for armaments."

Our American Consuls in Tangier and Gibraltar have gladly co-operated with us in distributing among tourists our literature telling of our Fondouk at Fez. Their personal letters assure us of this.

Every few weeks we receive word that a bull-fight is to take place in some one of our American towns or cities. Protests by telegrams go out from us and other humane societies to Governors and Mayors. So far the bull-fights have not come off.

It is stated that experiments in chemical warfare from 1919 to 1927 cost Great Britain \$4,050,000. Many of these experiments were upon animals whose sufferings were pitiful—the kind of sufferings enemy populations would have to endure in case of another war.

The Richmond, Va., *News Leader* is authority for the statement that "With a billion dollar deficit, Secretary Adams proposes a new billion-dollar navy to protect the pacific patron of the Kellogg-Briand treaty from non-existent enemies." "How long," says the *News Leader*, "are the American people to be the dupes of their own unfounded fears?"

Mr. Hilaire Belloc visited this country recently. Here is what he says in one of his latest essays: "The mixing up of men and animals in one category is not only false but abominable." As for animals having any rights, this he denies. "There is no contract between them and us," he continues, "they are made for our service." How fortunate for animals that so many think otherwise!

## Compulsory Military Training

THE time has come to settle the question whether the students in our schools and colleges are to be compelled to spend a certain part of their time in the drill demanded in military training. When students are refused admission to a school or college because they object to this drill on the ground of religious convictions we have reached a situation in our American life which calls for action on the part of those who think they know what are the rights of American citizenship. Take, for example, the action of the Board of Education of Council Bluffs, Iowa, refusing admission to the high school to pupils whose parents on account of religious principles opposed to war sought to have their sons enter the school. In Oklahoma the Students Committee against Compulsory Military Training secured from the Farmers' Union support, including free legal aid if necessary, for all students opposed to drill.

At both branches of the University of California and at Ohio State good committees are reopening their petitions to the Faculties and Trustees at the beginning of the school year in order that these bodies need not delay until the close of college for decisions.

Well has it been said, unyielding objection to compulsory drill is a fundamental right, based upon ample precedent and basic American traditions. Our country was founded upon the right to object, and our history is filled with noble defenses of the inviolability of private conscience.

A number of high schools and colleges have ceased to compel students to drill, such as Boston University and the College of the City of New York and Wisconsin University. Harvard has no compulsory military training, but in all our Boston schools above the eighth grade it is compulsory, unless on grounds of physical unfitness or the conscientious objections of parents. Compulsory military training in American schools and colleges in face of

the General Pact for the Renunciation of War signed at Paris in 1928! In the face, too, of the statement of Secretary Kellogg, "If the peoples are minded that there shall be no more war, there will not be. Inculcate into the minds of people a peaceful attitude, teaching them that war is not only a barbarous means of settling disputes, but one which has brought upon the world the greatest affliction, suffering, and disaster!"

To pledge ourselves as a nation to seek peace and ensue it, to declare ourselves in favor of all peaceful means to avert war, to discountenance whatever fosters the spirit of war—to do this and then to arm our youth with guns, to set them marching to the stirring notes of fife and drum, so awakening and stimulating the martial spirit—what is this but belying the sacred pledge we made in the Pact we signed in Paris? The day is not far distant when military training in our schools and colleges will be a thing of the past.

## The Greatest Rodeo of All Time

This is what the Rodeo Association plans to stage when the Sunnyvale Air Base of the United States Navy is dedicated next year in California. Will the Federal Government permit this? California has a governor who seems to delight in leading the parades or rodeos and to have his picture taken on horse-back in rodeo costume. It is none too early for the humane societies of the country to begin their campaign against this exhibition. At least let us seek to persuade our Government to give it no semblance of an endorsement.

Let this generation take the greatest step forward ever made in the life of man. Let it contribute to those who follow the inestimable sight of a world in which the barbarity of war has been forever removed. We can do it if we will. EINSTEIN

Annual Fair, Women's Auxiliary, M. S. P. C. A., Hotel Vendome, Boston, Friday, Nov. 6.



## I'm Glad

MARIE GRIMES

*I'm glad that I was not too proud,  
The day I came on cruelty,  
To try to shame a grinning crowd  
And take a puppy home with me.*

*I'm glad to think I never might  
Grow too indifferent and old  
To suffer on a winter night  
For trapped things dying in the cold.*

*I'm glad I do not grow too wise,  
Too strong and resolute and brave,  
To lay, with tear-mist in my eyes,  
A rosebud on a kitten's grave.*

## A Deadly Traffic

A RECENT issue of the *Indian Social Reformer* contains an article by one Mrs. Cousins who relates some of her experiences and observations during her trip to America on a cargo boat from Colombo. She says that she found on the boat a consignment of 300 monkeys and 5,000 small birds. The monkeys had been captured near Lucknow and shipped from Calcutta. Over fifty had died during the journey between Calcutta and Colombo and 2,500 of the little birds had also died. From Colombo conditions were slightly improved, but she says that even after that these animals were huddled in practical darkness throughout the rest of the voyage. Mrs. Cousins states that there is a regular traffic in monkeys between India and America and that sometimes the conditions are even worse than what she saw. In one trip eighty-seven monkeys died in the heat of the Red Sea. The monkeys are being carried to New York in order to supply monkey glands for those who wish for special thyroid treatment, and Mrs. Cousins appeals to the public of India to secure the passing of a law which will prohibit the export of monkeys and birds for commercial purposes because of the cruel sufferings it unavoidably inflicts on them. We hope that this appeal will be successful and that something will be done to put a stop to the unnecessary suffering.

Write to the Jack London Club, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for full particulars about the cruelty in trained animal acts and what this Club is trying to do. It costs nothing but a postage stamp.



A CORNER OF THE SMALL ANIMAL CEMETERY,  
MASS. S. P. C. A. REST FARM, METHUEN

## Poor Little Brown Gnome

MARGUERITE WARREN BURRILL

HE was here again this year—poor little brown gnome who danced and grimaced and did his little bit under the penumbra of dull fear that gnawed his little heart, that the pennies might jingle the faster into his proffered tin cup.

"Why do they allow this senseless, stupid subjugation of a helpless animal to man's money-lust?" I asked myself. And all around me the glare and glare and din of the cheap mid-way attractions of one of the world's largest state fairs mocked me derisively. Last year, poor little brown gnome, you wore a red and gilt costume like an oriental prince's; this year in cheap blue and green fantastically woven and ludicrously ill-fitting you jump and hop and are all the pathetic, driven buffoon.

Little innocent children's hands stretch forward offering a coin, a bit of candy, a peanut. And if it is the latter "trash," according to your master's opinion, the leash is jerked cruelly and in an unintelligible jargon he compels you to seek the gold, not the dross. Sometimes you grow righteously angry, when some thoughtless child pulls at your costume, or offers you a button or stone instead of the coveted coin. Then you climb upon the offender's head and pull angrily at his hair. His cap flies to the ground. There are frightened tears, protests, and how viciously is the leash jerked then. Down you tumble in a panic of fear and anger. Then your thin little hands pass through the torturing collar to alleviate the pain of the tugged leash and you begin to cower and apologize eloquently in your high-pitched jungle language. The horrible noise that comes from the square black box perched on its one wooden support isn't musical even at its worst. The children disappear, bent on other amusement, and a fresh crowd gathers to cheer the heart of your Mammon-worshipping master with delight;—and despair.

In the sun-gilded morning you were there; but you had not gone when the gray-blue shadows of early night began to fall, tinting the world a somber hue. You were tired. . . . with the failing strength of a hard-pressed martyr you haltingly, wearily repeated your trite repertoire.

I leave you with great pity in my heart—little brown gnome, hapless and intimidated. Four more days by the calendar

will you repeat your foolish man-taught acrobatics. And then? Then you will rest only long enough for your master to gather his belongings and seek more ill-gotten gold. For he has exploited your cleverness for cash—has made himself a serf of yours; you earn his bread because he is too lazy and stupid to earn it himself. The dependent of a little blinking acrobatic monkey—it sounds shameful and silly, doesn't it?

## Some Animals I Have Known

VII. The Cat of John Townsend Trowbridge

NIXON WATERMAN

WAS once a member of a Florida house-party which included John Townsend Trowbridge, the poet and story-teller of blessed memory, and John Burroughs,—

"John o' the Birds," as Elbert Hubbard termed him. Naturally, where Mr. Burroughs was present, the conversation frequently turned upon nature topics. Mr. Burroughs, as his world of readers know, did not credit the animals with possessing a great degree, if indeed any worth-while

trace, of reason. He accounted for their seemingly "human" behavior in other ways. This position of his tended to make some of his readers think him unkind or unsympathetic toward the "beasties," when, as a matter of fact, he simply wished to arrive at a true, scientific basis for estimating the intelligence of his four-footed friends.

Mr. Trowbridge, on the other hand, seemed rather to ascribe to the lower animals the possession, in a lesser degree, of the same sense of reason as that possessed by humans. These two men of world-wide prominence held many a discussion—I can almost say argument—on the topic, "Do animals possess reason?"

One proof that animals can reason, which Mr. Trowbridge brought forward was the following: Mr. Trowbridge's fine, old home was on Pleasant Street in the town of Arlington, Massachusetts. It stood, as it still stands, somewhat back from the street. In the old days the fishman came driving his cart by, every Friday morning. And every Friday morning, no matter what the direction of the wind, and on no other morning of the week, the family cat would be out at the street gate waiting for the fishman's coming. Mr. Trowbridge was positive that the cat was not there other mornings. Mr. Burroughs would look innocently wise and say nothing. The interested audience of listeners was permitted to hold its own opinion as to whether a cat could somehow automatically or instinctively, or otherwise, tell the day of the week and be on hand to greet the fishman.



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## Deserted

MARGARET E. BRUNER

*The robin's nest beneath the eaves  
Is vacant now—its cheery note  
Is silent, naught but rustling leaves  
Replace the music of its throat.*

*The wren's house too, is desolate,  
Its tiny windows dumbly stare  
And wonderingly seem to wait  
Its thrifty tenant's love and care.*

*And often, when the skies were gray,  
Its singing brought a gleam of light,  
I was amazed that such a lay  
Could issue from a form so slight.*

*Hushed stillness now is everywhere;  
And though I miss each bright refrain,  
My heart enshrines their songs, I share  
This rapture till they come again.*

## "Pippa Passes"

ELIZABETH THOMAS

THE inevitable and long postponed hour has at last struck. There is an empty stall in my stable, a stall for years occupied by "Pippa," the grand old chestnut mare who was the pride of my heart. Her slim loveliness of form and color was an ornament to any stable, and a joy to any horse lover's heart.

There is something unutterably sad about the gradual aging of a beautiful and spirited horse. Abuse and overwork in earlier years began to take their toll of my mare several years ago. There was a slow, scarcely noticeable lessening of her powers of endurance, and a stiffening of her legs which soon rendered her practically useless for anything but short trips. But there was no let down in her showiness and pride and she danced and leaped as gaily to an audience as in her youth. She paid dearly for her showiness, however, as soon as she was back in the stable, for her rheumatic old legs would stiffen so that she could walk only with the greatest difficulty. Still she loved to be taken out and I humored her and used her carefully so that her feelings would not be hurt by neglect. And on the road nobody would guess her to be more than a colt, she stepped along so smartly and was so sleek and fat.

Early this summer, her twenty-second, the mare got to stumbling so badly that it was unsafe to ride her. So I thought I would turn her out to pasture where she would have soft footing and a chance to move around at will. I meant well, but the poor old lady did not think so. She must have thought that her beloved mistress had forsaken her. She was miserably homesick, and when I went to see her a few days after she was turned out, she jumped the fence and followed me home. I let her stay, for I thought she would be happier at home, and I think she was. I tried to exercise her some after that, and the last time I took her out she fell sprawling in the road with me, and was so lame after she got back in the stall that I gave up any thought of using her. I decided to keep her as long as she was comfortable and then have her put to sleep. It was a painful decision, for I loved the gallant mare very greatly.



CARING FOR HORSES AT RAILWAY STATION, BERLIN, GERMANY

Various societies in Berlin have been influential in having new feeding troughs and drinking fountains provided for the horses that are used in connection with the Lehrter railway station in that city. Here is one of the new feed troughs lately installed.

Time passed and the faithful beast never failed to greet me with a cheerful whinny, lovely head stretched over the top of the stall door. She looked at me with reproachful eyes when I took another horse out, and left her at home. At first she whinnied wildly and seemed to beg me to use her, and then I think she understood. She stopped fretting and merely stood quiet in her stall, waiting. Her wistful patience was hard to bear. It was as if she said, "I am your creature and have served you faithfully. Now I am old and can no longer serve. Do with me what you will."

There came a morning when the chestnut head shook from side to side as if in pain and the welcoming whinny was full of distress. One of the clear, brown eyes was cloudy and the sight was gone. That settled it. I could not condemn my old pet to a darkened future. It was, I think, one of the hardest things I ever did, giving the order for her death. Harder still to come home to a stable empty of her friendly, loyal presence. Yet I feel that I did the best thing, and that at least I made her last days happy.

I have other horses, expect to have still others in the future, but none will ever fill quite the same part in my life that gentle, lovely Pippa did.

It seems to me that all we humans have a great duty and responsibility toward the dumb beasts we own. And I think it is little enough for them to ask, only the boon of sleep when they can no longer serve. Particularly horses, who give their whole lives in service, freely and uncompactly. For my part, I hope that there is a hereafter for horses, and that in its pastures my splendid mare now grazes, forever free from stiffened, aching limbs, and dimming eyes.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

## Man's Trainer: the Dumb Animal

MEREDITH BEYERS

THE man who is cruel to animals is unable to train them properly. By his cruelty he acknowledges his failure as a master. A subconscious instinct of self-preservation causes him to make a crude attempt through anger and by cruelty to mask his servitude to the creature he lacks the refinement of intelligence to control. Such a man, unfit to raise and train animals, is unfit to bring up sons.

Man, we are told, has been placed over all creatures of the earth, but not endowed with brute strength to meet his animal servants upon an equal ground, but with a faculty of intuition which is related to instinct as the sympathetic nerves to the central nervous system, and which is the basis, the avenue of communion between animal and man.

Mastery over an animal is not to display an ability to slay him when he becomes ungovernable, for it is then too late; but to utilize that intelligence and intuition given us to prevent, rather than cure.

There is a man who has taught me these things as I have watched him bring up two fine sons. He is the editorial-page philosopher who wrote, "I, as a father, have no right to force my sons to do that which I did not teach them while teachable. If I have given them no respect, I need not expect any, unless my neighbors taught them."

This man gave his sons the responsibility of animals: dogs, horses, cows, pigeons, chickens, turkeys; even wild animals which they caught and tamed so that even in freedom they would not run away: raccoons, ground-hogs, black mallards, muskrats, wild birds of various kinds.

If any of these animals did anything

that might normally be considered worthy of punishment, it was the sons who were considered at fault. They had been taught how to train animals. They, with brains that had been taught "how to think" rather than "what to think" had been placed in charge of living creatures.

Each boy was given a puppy to bring up, with the full understanding that his success, failure or neglect would be revealed in the full-grown dog. His errors would be objectified for all eyes to see. Later each lad was given a second puppy to bring up, with still greater success.

It was one of these boys who gave me, unintentionally, the thought for this article. I happened to be with him when we saw a man whipping a dog rather severely; no more severely, to be sure, than many believe it necessary to whip a dog in training him. But a glint came into the boy's eyes. He spoke quietly, however.

"Why are you punishing that dog?" he asked frankly.

"The ——— cur killed one of my best chickens," swore the man, "I'll teach him not to kill another."

"I don't see any trace of the chicken," said the boy. "You are teaching him nothing but fear. That dog doesn't know what you are punishing him for."

"He'll know before I get through with him!" exclaimed the man.

"Is he your dog, may I ask?"

"Of course he's my dog."

"Then it's your fault if he killed your chickens." The boy's face was flushed, still he spoke quietly, "I can lock my dog up in the chicken coop with nothing to eat, and he'll die before he'd eat one of my chickens. You are punishing that dog for your own neglect."

I am glad to say that the man was big enough to see the point. His anger turned into a grin, and he said, "Thanks, son. Will you show me how to do it, and give me a hand?"

The boy did. Not in a day, or even a week. But in the process the dog turned so naturally to the boy, that in the end the man gave him the dog and bought himself another puppy to try all over again with a new point of view.

In a world of pain and pleasure, sorrow and joy, pain is indispensable in the education of men or animals. That is, in fact, Nature's cardinal method of insuring her own equilibrium. The burned finger on the stove teaches the child as nothing else can. But that is the negative side of the question. "Don't do this. Don't do that." But pain is relative, depending upon the sensitiveness of the receiver. The time for training is in the pliable age of pin-pricks, when a love-tap, a look, or some simple deprivation is a tragedy.

Keep the circle as small as possible; simple things, a little pat, a small lump of sugar. Arouse the desire and associate the appeasing of that appetite, whether for affection or food, with the performance of certain conduct.

The outward tricks of training are mechanically hollow, however, without that humble and sympathetic permeating masterfulness that comes from a poise gained only by complete mastery of the animal in one's self.

## "Peter the Greater"—the Last Chapter

CHRIS. SEWELL

WE knew, though we never dwelt on it, that it was practically inevitable, because the tragedy of a dearly cherished pet is the tiny span of its life as compared with the probable duration of one's own.

But we prayed that when it did come its fashion might be merciful. And so it was. At the age of eleven years and five months, Peter the Greater passed serenely to where "beyond these voices" there must surely be some small corner reserved for such as he.

There were, indeed, many mercies.

It might so well have happened when we were absent from home. A six weeks' holiday had lately taken us to France, where, as usual, the newspaper forwarded to us daily was decorated with the mystic initials "P.Q.W."

It will never be known how the Post Office authorities translated them, but to my husband and me their message was all simple, and full of relief. "Peter Quite Well" they meant, and directly we had read that, we could go forward and enjoy our day.

We shall never look for those fateful capitals again, and the realization that we shall not bring a fresh *serrement de coeur* to hearts which have already suffered over many.

And when we *did* return, Peter the Greater was there to welcome us, a thought disapproving just at first, for he was wont to consider human holidays a waste of time, but with his natural force unabated, and immense affection to bestow when once he had intimated that he did not care for this "gadding about."

In my opening sentence I classed Peter the Greater among "pets." I ask his pardon, in whatever gracious land he may be, for that slip of the pen, for he was much more than that.

A pet has a quiescent intransitive flavor. Not so our commander-in-chief. He was a companion, a dominator, a bestower of favors, a disciplinarian, a lover—and much more. His retinue was encouraged to make obeisance, never to be mawkish or to fawn.

Only a few days before the end we had given a large party. Peter the Greater, realizing what was in the air, arranged himself on a prominent chair in the hall, and received his usual meed of worship with just the right amount of dignified condescension. In effect he seemed to say "good people, this must be adding greatly to your pleasure." And — for Peter's instinct rarely led him astray — it was.

The complaint which smote him, one

of the many legacies of the worst summer for sixty years, was bronchitis. He was immensely brave. It was as though he would rather that none of us had noticed it: bursts of determined purring whenever we caressed him (even though it made the difficult breathing more difficult) seemed to say "It's all right. I shall shake this off. Don't disturb yourselves."

Now and again, for at such times many anguished doubts oppress the mind, I wonder, if we had left him entirely alone, would some natural instinct have helped him more than all our care? Who can say?

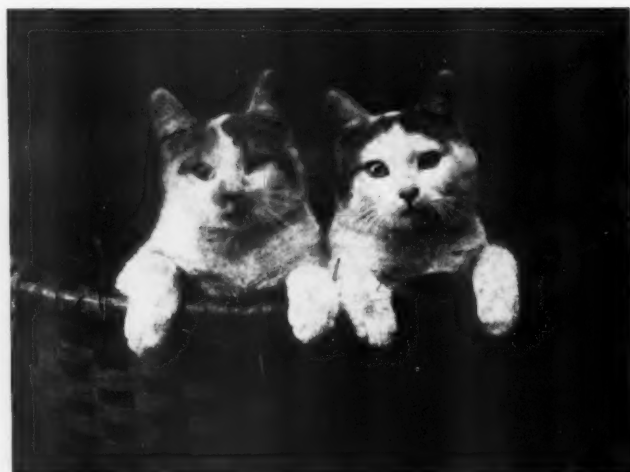
Nevertheless, it was entirely characteristic that he received completely human treatment. We laid him on a bed of the shape he loved, and a bronchitis kettle made (as we hoped) the air more easy for the poor laboring chest. The veterinary surgeon who always attended him in need (referred to by Peter, we always fancied, as "my specialist") came twice on the second day, and finally decided to spend the night. "I'm so fond of him myself" he said sadly: "I'd like to pull him through."

But it was not to be. In the early hours of the morning the gallant little heart failed, and his household awoke to the cold, incredible realization that the dear, beneficent, tyrannous, loving reign was over.

A lifeless cat is usually a piteous but not a lovely sight. Peter the Greater was lovely. In death, as in life, the majesty which had marked his every movement persisted.

A friend from whom he had accepted homage for years made his coffin; and we covered him with a cloth of royal blue and gold, given him long ago by two admirers, and put aside as too grand for daily use. We laid him in his own garden, in a little woodland patch much frequented by the birds which we had taught him never to kill. But our home aches with emptiness, and only the belief that many readers of this magazine who have made his acquaintance, will like to know in what manner the curtain was rung down, has given me courage to write this—his obituary notice.

Cats enjoy being brushed. This should be done carefully, always brushing the fur the right way. Do not lift a cat from the ground by the upper part of the body, leaving the legs hanging down.



AWAITING THE THANKSGIVING TREAT



## Uncommon Ways of the Common Opossum

RAYMOND E. MOORE

Photograph by C. Clarke

THESE are few animals common to us, I venture to say, whose habits and characteristics are more interesting and peculiar than those of the Virginian or common opossum. Of course the first thing that comes to mind when speaking of this animal is its characteristically cunning habit of feigning death when in the hands of its enemies, which has given rise to the very general expression "playing possum." But there are other things about the opossum, not so generally known, which are every bit as peculiar and interesting as this one.

For one thing, the opossum is a most excellent climber, and has slight difficulty in scaling an ordinary wall, and can proceed at a good pace on the top of a zig-zagging rail-fence with the greatest ease. In its scansorial efforts, it is very ably assisted by its long white tail, covered with scales, with a few short black hairs protruding here and there, which it is able to coil about the branch of a tree. The hinder feet are also well adapted for climbing, with the thumb placed opposite to the other toes, as on the human hand, enabling the animal to grasp a limb with no little force, and to permit, with the aid of its tail, its whole body to hang downward.

As the name implies, the Virginian opossum is a native of Virginia. It is found as well in many other portions of the United States. It is about the size of a large cat, its total length being something over a yard, the head and body measuring twenty-two inches, and the tail fifteen. Its color is a grayish-white, slightly tinged with yellow, with a brownish hue prevalent upon the limbs, and, to some extent, about the eyes. The fur, as a rule, is rough and coarse.

The opossum is to be found in both wooded and open sections of territory. It makes its nest in a hollow log, or a hollow tree, sometimes under the shelter of some old protecting roots, or, as is most generally the case, in an old woodchuck den that has been abandoned. It is by no means a gregarious animal, and it is said that even the members of the same family range far apart when out in the open air. Neither is it a hibernating animal, as it is to be found roaming the woods in quest of food in the coldest weather. True, it puts on a large amount of fat during the autumn months, which naturally gives it greater powers of resisting hunger and the inclement winter weather, and enables it to subsist upon the comparatively small amount of food to be picked up during the cold season.

Perhaps the most interesting thing to be noted about the opossum is the manner in which it cares for its young. Generally, about two weeks after the young ones are born, which are from twelve to fifteen in number, they are transferred by the mother to her cradle-pouch, where their growth is very rapid. In a short time they are to be found coiling their thick, scaly tails about each other's bodies. Perhaps a month elapses, when they have gained sufficient strength to put their heads out of the pouch, and in another week they are able

to leave it entirely for a brief period. When the young opossums are first placed in the mother's pouch they are less than an inch in length, the tail included.

A very singular circumstance is that when the mother first puts them into her pouch, they are totally deaf and blind. The eyes and ears are closed and are not opened until several days have passed. This is not the case with kittens, puppies and other small animals at the time of birth; they are only partially blind. In the case of the kitten or puppy, it seems that the presence of light, as well as the action of the atmosphere, is needed to fully clear its vision. But with the young opossum, the absence of light is generally necessary until the time comes for it to open its eyes and ears, while the action of the atmosphere is needed to make the tiny ears sensitive to the sounds that are transmitted through them.

The prevailing idea among farmers and other people acquainted with the opossum is that it is a greedy and destructive animal, prowling about at nights, devouring young rabbits and squirrels, and even sneaking into the hen-house to make a meal on a fowl or her eggs. It is true, where there are many opossums in a thickly settled community, that they may become quite a serious nuisance to the farmer, but their food does not altogether consist of the flesh of innocent animals. They feed, as well, on mice, moles and other destructive rodents that prey and derive their living on the farmer's crops, on insect pests, on reptiles of various kinds, and on beech-nuts, acorns, wild berries and wild grapes, and on certain tender plants. Thus the opossum is not altogether an undesirable animal, but, like most creatures, mixes the bad with the good. Certainly it does not deserve extermination.



"A MOST EXCELLENT CLIMBER"

## Seattle Judge Protects Pets from Food

C. M. LITTELJOHN

RENDERING the second decision of its kind in the nation, Federal Judge Jeremiah Neterer in Seattle, Wash., has won the thanks of an army of dog and cat fanciers in the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest, where a large population of animals exists, since scarcely a household in this city of home-ownership is without its pet and mascot.

The Judge has acquired distinction in deciding against certain animal foods in cans, and has brought the food of pets under the protection of the national pure food and drug act which protects primarily the food of persons. Mute thanks may therefore be rendered by the dumb animals, for they are given a wonderful "break" by this new legal aspect upon food that is designed to be served them cheaply.

In his recent ruling the Judge ordered the immediate destruction of a lot of 620 cans of a tuna fish preparation that was put up solely for animal food, directing the destruction on the evidence that a large portion of the fish was not good.

Friendship for animals on the part of the United States jurist in the government court at Seattle was revealed when Judge Neterer pointed out that the "dog is man's best friend and often has more trouble securing food than in digesting it."

And when technical arguments were introduced in defense of the food brought into court in the interest of man's regard for his great friend, the noted jurist overruled such technicalities for the tuna when he stated that "common sense enters into and becomes a part of every law in the absence of specific enactment."

He therefore ruled out the food defended and brought the cans of animal food which stream in ever-increasing fashion from many new industrial plants that utilize by-products of various foods, under the same protection as that accorded human beings.

## Birds by Plane

We are indebted to an Associated Press dispatch for the news that the Austrian Society for the Protection of Animals and Birds chartered a number of planes in Germany and Austria to transport to Italy thousands of swallows which came in from the north last September.

They descended in the streets of Vienna and on farms and buildings in that vicinity and were in imminent danger of freezing or starvation. Austrian peasants were asked to collect the migrants. They were then flown to Venice and liberated.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1931

### FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

## Our Migratory Bird Act

CONGRESS passed the Migratory Bird Act in 1916. Great Britain, representing Canada, joined with the United States in a treaty to see that the law was enforced. In spite of this, in thousands of places shooting from motor boats, killing protected birds and hunting out of season continues. To make the law effective Congress appropriated last year an amount equal to four cents for each of the 3,027,937 square miles of the United States. We are told that the money which would buy one one-hundredth of a battleship would employ enough wardens to see that the law was observed. With 9,000,000 hunters in the land, enforcing this law is no easy job.

## Our Wild Life

That the wild life of our land is rapidly vanishing we all know or ought to know. In spite of all the laws passed to conserve this wild life, the forces warring against it are threatening its extinction. Deforestation, pollution of waters, fire, and the increase of hunters and fishermen, backed, says the *Nature Magazine*, by improved machines for traveling and killing have all contributed to this growing scarcity. Hope is expressed that the special Senate Committee on conservation of wild life will be able to check this rapid disappearance of the nation's undomesticated birds and beasts as well as its fish. This Committee reports, "While there has been a steady decrease of game and game fish, there is a corresponding increase in the number of hunters and fishermen. These are estimated to number about 13,000,000."

## What the Stork Did

The *Berliner Tageblatt* of July 5th, 1931, tells us this winsome story of a father stork:

A curious romance in animal life comes to us from Brenz, where a mother-stork was killed during a severe hail-storm. Anxious for his motherless children, the father-stork flew away after a short time, soon returning with a new wife who, after flying over the nest several times and observing the young ones, settled down beside them in the role of foster-mother.

## Exporting Horses for Butchery

THE cruelties involved in shipping horses, particularly from Canada to France, there to be slaughtered for food, have resulted in such protests that a Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons, which, if it becomes law will do much to put an end to this wretched business so far as Britain is concerned. The authorities in Canada as well as are being urged to make a thorough investigation of this heartless traffic. The condition of many of the horses upon their arrival at Le Havre and the brutalities connected with their treatment and slaughter are reported by eyewitnesses as deplorable. Asking for information from Captain Fairholme, Chief Secretary of the Royal S. P. C. A., London, we received from him the following reply:—

14th September, 1931

Dear Doctor Rowley,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 3rd instant with enclosure.

The International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery in this country met the S.S. Missouri on its arrival at Le Havre, France, on the 24th July last with 150 horses on board from Canada. Many of the horses were in a bad state, and would not have been allowed to be exported from this country. Representations have been made to the Halifax S. P. C. A., the Canadian Legation in Paris, the Canadian High Commissioner in London and the Ontario S. P. C. A., in connection with the matter.

As regards the slaughter-house in Paris, the Vaugirard, the clergymen referred to in the letter to you from the Toronto Society evidently speaks of the state of things which existed some time ago. I am glad to say that now all the horses at the Vaugirard, Paris, are slaughtered with the humane killer. Our Chairman, Sir Robert Gower, and myself have paid several visits to Paris, and ultimately induced the Authorities to accept the offer of this Society to provide, free of charge, 16 humane killers and also a supply of 80,000 cartridges, and although there has been considerable difficulty, I am glad to say that our latest reports are that all animals are now being slaughtered with the humane killer.

I sincerely trust that this trade in horses for butchery purposes from Canada to France will either cease altogether or that Regulations will be made, similar to those in force in this country, so that no horse which is unfit for work will be allowed to be exported. Certainly the description given of the state in which some of the horses arrived at Le Havre from Canada on the S.S. Missouri makes horrible reading.

Yours sincerely,  
E. G. FAIRHOLME,  
Chief Secretary

It is not too soon to prepare for the 1932 anniversaries: Be Kind to Animals Week, April 18 to 23, and Humane Sunday, April 17.

Remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.

## From Damascus

THE Honorable Mrs. Charlton, founder of the Damascus S. P. C. A. and the Beirut Animal Hospital, writes us from Damascus:

One cannot fether the hearts of those who care; many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it, nor can one efface sad scenes of animal misery, or forget the fear and pain in their tortured eyes, which from Kashmir hills to Italian Tripoli, from Morocco to the desert beyond Damascus have burnt themselves into the mind and memory.

Let outlawry of all forms of cruelty remain our strongest urge. The care of the suffering and defenseless often forms the source of what is highest and noblest in human lives; and it is for the voiceless myriads yet unborn, as well as for those, who as Easterners say are "drowning in the deepest sea" that an appeal is made for many more animal defenders; never doubting, never wavering, never resting; preferring deeds to promises and ever fighting with remembrance that courage works miracles, and the fearless heart goes far.

## The Legend of St. Hubert

Under this heading Marion Reid in *The Animals' Friend* writes, St. Hubert was a Knight of France who lived in the eighth century. One day when hunting in the Forest of Ardennes he saw a crucifix shining between the horns of the stag he was pursuing, just as St. Eustace had done some centuries earlier. At this amazing sight, he knelt down humbly on his knees and cried: "O little stag! I see thou hast the Lord, and if thou hast, all have, and it pitieth me to think how many times I have slain Christ." After this incident not only did he give up hunting but he renounced all the pleasures of his gay life and lived as a simple hermit on the hallowed spot where the vision had been vouchsafed to him.

"It is sad proof of the perversity of men's hearts," she says in conclusion, "that they made St. Hubert the Patron Saint of the very sport he renounced."

## The Parent-Teacher Association and the Rodeo

This is the Resolution passed at the Convention of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers at Hot Springs, May, 1931:

"We recognize the danger of influence which tends to arouse and foster a brutal and unfeeling spirit and re-affirm our approval of a continued program of education to protect children from the debasing influence of the commercialized rodeo and other exhibitions which are accompanied by cruelty to animals."

## Taxing the Cat

An Associated Press report from Sagan, Silesia, says that an abundance of cats in this Silesian town has induced the City Council to put a heavy tax on these pets.

The annual tax amounts to \$5 for the first cat, \$15 for a second cat and about \$22 for a third animal kept in the same household.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	18,321
Cases investigated	830
Animals examined	12,114
Number of prosecutions	14
Number of convictions	14
Horses taken from work	90
Horses humanely put to sleep	62
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,412

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	46,429
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	10

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Ellen M. Blodgett of Belchertown.

October 13, 1931.

The State Division of Fisheries and Game revoked the sporting or trapping licenses of 108 persons for violation of the fish and game laws during September. Fines amounting to \$905 were collected and each offender is debarred from obtaining a new license until the expiration of one year from date of conviction.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

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E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.  
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.  
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.  
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.  
HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	610	Cases	2,162
Dogs	445	Dogs	1,698
Cats	148	Cats	429
Horses	8	Birds	34
Birds	6	Horse	1
Monkey	1		
Squirrel	1		
Honey Bear	1		
Operations	488		
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, 1915			97,972
Dispensary Cases			206,680
Total			304,652

#### MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

##### Summary of Prosecutions in September

For working horses afflicted with gall sores on backs and shoulders, two defendants were found guilty and each put on probation for six months.

Cruelly beating a horse, convicted, one month at House of Correction, sentence suspended with order that horse be destroyed.

Unnecessarily failing to provide proper food for thirty-five hens, offender fined \$10, committed to jail for non-payment.

Working horse that was unfit for labor, fine \$25.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon cow by tying heavy chain around neck which severely cut same, guilty, case filed.

Subjecting horse to unnecessary cruelty, fine \$50.

Working horses with galled backs and shoulders, two defendants, each fined \$25.

Tormenting a cat by setting dog upon it, fine \$5, appealed, case not-prossed in Superior Court and dog ordered disposed of.

Cruelly mutilating a dog, two defendants (one for permitting same), each fined \$10, sentence of one suspended for a year.

Authorizing and permitting two cows to be subjected to unnecessary suffering and cruelty by refusing to kill same, sentence, two months to House of Correction, appealed; on plea of guilty Superior Court imposed fine of \$100.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty and suffering upon a dog by throwing ammonia into its eyes, guilty, case filed.

Working two horses afflicted with sore shoulders, \$10 fine. For the same offense another defendant was found guilty and case was filed.

Rodeos, round-ups and Wild West shows have been condemned by all humane organizations. They involve danger to human life, cruelty to animals, and a demoralizing effect on the spectators.

#### Annual Fair of Auxiliary

Friday, November 6, at Hotel Vendome, Boston

PREPARATIONS have been completed for the annual Hospitality Day and Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., which, as last year, will be held at Hotel Vendome, Dartmouth Street and Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. The date is Friday, November 6, and the hours are from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

A most cordial invitation is extended to friends everywhere to come and make this one of the most successful of all the many events held under the auspices of the Auxiliary.

The various committees have been organized as follows:

Food, Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, chairman, Miss Fanny Fay Gray, Mrs. Frank Rogers, Mrs. Josephine Collins and Mrs. William L. Edwards; candy, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, chairman, Mrs. Francis H. Rowley, Miss Alice Rowley, Mrs. Esmond Rowley and Mrs. John Tyler; aprons, Mrs. Benjamin Blakney, chairman, Miss C. C. Olmstead, Mrs. A. H. Smith, Mrs. Marion Simpson and Miss Sarah E. Addie; white elephant, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman, Mrs. C. R. Cowan, Mrs. M. E. MacNutt and Mrs. Effie M. Lynch; children's table, Mrs. F. A. Morrill, chairman, Mrs. William J. Underwood, Mrs. Earl Reed Van Sickle and Dr. C. Williamson; household, Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, chairman, Mrs. George H. Wright, Mrs. A. W. Warfield and Mrs. W. W. Haswell; cafeteria, Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, chairman, Miss A. P. Eaton, Miss Helen W. Potter and Mrs. S. E. Baker.

Bridge will be in charge of Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, chairman, Mrs. Edward C. Brown, Mrs. H. E. Prescott, Mrs. Charles Staniek, Mrs. Grace Arnold, Mrs. John A. Dykeman and Mrs. Frank H. Hobbs. The seerss will be Mrs. James J. Farnsworth.

Contributions either of merchandise or cash will be most welcome and should be sent to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, or delivered to her at Hotel Vendome on the day of the Fair.

#### At Summer Watering Stations

The free watering service for working horses which is rendered each summer by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was terminated the past season on September 19. A total of 35,856 horses was recorded at our five stations, situated on the principal routes of horse-drawn traffic. It represents an average of over 470 animals per day during a period of 76 days.

That the service is relied upon and appreciated by both drivers and horses is evidenced by this daily patronage. It has long since become a humane obligation to supply this relief during the hot days of summer where there are no fountains or water troughs for those servants of flesh and blood that toil under conditions made harder and harder in a mechanical age.

Friends everywhere are reminded that gifts for animal protection work are specially needed at this time. We cannot afford to let down in the campaign to stop cruelty.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

**Officers of the American Humane Education Society**  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

**Field Representative**

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

**A Humane Engineer**

**A** PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD engineer, Charles E. Coleman, runs a passenger train at night through a part of Western Pennsylvania in which deer are very numerous. He says it is not uncommon to see as many as one hundred in one night.

But though deer on the railroad track at night become bewildered as the electric headlight of an approaching locomotive brings them into view and seem paralyzed with fright and scarcely able to move, although many fall victims to the fast passenger trains, Mr. Coleman has not killed a single one in his twenty years of railroading.

"All that an engineer needs to do," he says, "is to turn off the electric headlight for a tenth of a second, and your deer is gone. I do it for all wild life, even the lowly 'bunny,' and it works."

There is a suggestion here for motorists, who kill on the highways of Pennsylvania more rabbits than are shot by hunters. Most of these rabbits are run over at night. Like the deer they are bewildered by the headlights. —Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph



A GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND, HIS DOGS, AND HIS HOME AROUND WHICH GATHER MORE THAN 600 YEARS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. HE IS THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL S. P. C. A.—OLDEST BY LENGTH OF SERVICE. THE PRESIDENT OF OUR SOCIETIES HAS LONG BEEN HONORED BY HIS FRIENDSHIP AND HAS KNOWN HIS GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY.

**The Fondouk, Fez, Morocco**

**T**HE Secretary General of the American Fondouk at Fez writes us at the close of September:—

The comparative coolness of the summer of 1931 at Fez has enabled the Fondouk to carry on its activities at full pressure. Our housing capacity has been taxed during these last months as never before, rendering every day the need of more stalls in the near future a necessity.

This is explained in the one simple reason, which is that our reputation with the natives is spreading all the time. We have gained their confidence to an extent that would have seemed quite impossible even a year ago when so much persuasion and even force was sometimes necessary to get them to surrender their animals for treatment. Now they come of their own accord in ever increasing numbers. Men of all classes send or bring their animals, sometimes from as far as fifty miles away. The Khalifa (representative) of the Sultan sent in a fine mule for treatment, and many of the leading Moors have done the same. What a fine example this is to poorer and more ignorant folk!

We can point to numerous special cases of improved treatment, besides the general condition that continues to improve.

The worst animals that one sees here are generally those that have come perhaps hundreds of miles from the desert or elsewhere. Often they will have made the whole journey without having the pack saddle removed, and even on their arrival quite worn out, the lazy, ignorant driver will still leave the saddle on till it is time to make the toilsome journey back again.

To these men we are able to give a severe lesson besides saving the suffering (and probably the life) of the animal, for

during the time that it is being rested, fed, and cured the owner must remain. Every day he will come to the Fondouk to ask for his animal, and we will tell him that he has only his own cruelty and laziness to blame.

The next time he comes to Fez he will probably be more careful.

The report for September, 1931, 30 days, is:

Daily average, large animals	76	
Forage for same		\$61.15
Daily average, dogs	16	
Forage for same		\$9.00
Wages		57.12
Salaries		188.96
Motor overhead		10.00
Put to sleep	21, cost	3.11
Sundries		26.20
		\$355.54

**Justice to Animals**

City Judge George L. Hager of Buffalo, N. Y., recently fined an Italian grocer \$25 for kicking a cat out of his store. The Buffalo Womens' City Club, through their chairman on humane education, wrote the Judge a letter of commendation. One of the functions of the committee is to write judges sitting in cruelty cases letters of commendation or criticism. That these letters have been practical is proved conclusively by replies received from the judges in which they express themselves in sympathy with the humane movement.

The Committee believes that a heavy fine is the most effective method of impressing the foreign-born that animals have moral and legal rights in this country which must be recognized.

NELLIE F. CALLAHAN

Chairman, Humane Education Committee

## To Henry Bergh

Mr. Bergh was the founder of the American S. P. C. A., New York City. He died in 1888. These lines were written for and sent to Mrs. Bergh, but have never before been published except in a small edition privately printed and circulated in 1904.

*The angels wrote Ben Adhem's name  
Upon His page with golden pen,  
The first of all the list of fame—  
The one who loved his fellow men.*

*But thou hast shown as large a heart,  
Of wider sympathy and care,  
Enfolding, not alone a part,  
But all God's creatures everywhere.*

*The cry of human want and pain,  
Man's prayer for succor in distress,  
Has often found some listening ear  
And love, to make his burden less.*

*But, for the speechless ones to whom  
Life seems a heritage of woe  
That only brings the hopeless doom  
Of anguish they must undergo,*

*Whose sufferings are a strange decree  
Of God's unfathomable will,  
Kept in that Book of Mystery  
The seal whereof is unloosed still:*

*How long His chariot-wheels moved slow  
Before you came to plead his cause  
And, by untiring zeal, to show  
Their right to share in Christian laws!*

*If, on the record angels trace,  
Who write with pen of shining gold,  
Such deeds of mercy find a place—  
Your work of love has been enrolled!*

H. P. F. BURNSIDE

## No Longer Called "Cranks"

Former Senator Elihu Root of New York recently said, "Even in my time compassion not only for human beings but even for animals has grown. I distinctly remember that when Henry Bergh founded the first S. P. C. A. he was looked upon as more or less of a crank. Today, a man who is cruel to animals is regarded as a brute. It is this growth of compassion that I would say was the greatest change that has occurred in my lifetime."

Armistice Day should be dedicated, in all countries, to the furtherance of peace. War must be avoided by some means.

—Boston Traveler

## I Spread My Table

RUBY THOMPSON

MY table is spread on a second-story balcony in Hollywood. It affords many feathered friends ready food. None have to search or scratch; all just call. And lunch is served to all feathered guests who dare come.

Many birds do come. The linnets eat up the hemp seed all too quickly and peck at the suet from dawn to dark. The mockingbirds enjoy raisins. The brown towhees, cowbirds, and ordinary sleek blackbirds prefer water-soaked bread. In winter, the bad bold blue jay, lord of the table, scolds when he cannot gobble up or carry away all of the suet. The Gambel sparrow willingly grabs anything he can get. Last summer a female black-headed grosbeak thrilled us with her presence. Obviously she liked our bread. Now and then a gorgeous Arizona black-hooded oriole flits through the trees. Once he landed on the bird table, but immediately became nervous and flew away.

The linnets are a noisy, quarrelsome lot, though quite entertaining. The table is a stage and all the guests are actors.

What an insanely happy bird is the mocker in the spring of the year! Such mad glad notes tumble from his throat when the world is young, all life is renewed, and tiny little green leaves are sprouting. From the tip-top of the tallest tree he can find, or from an advantageous gable point, in sunshine, shadow, or in the wee hours of the morning, he is telling you about this business of living. And though we call him mocker, he not only mocks all the other birds in his vicinity, and frogs—I think I have even heard him imitate the "cra-ack, cra-ack" of frogs in the middle of the night—but he has a song of his own to sing, and this song is a revelation of the very naturally happy heart of nature.

What a dear little song he croons to himself in autumn when, the arduous task of housekeeping over, he has only himself to think about and—has a mockingbird memories? What a different aspect he presents in winter! He doesn't sing, he doesn't utter a note. He just looks around with his intelligent yellow eye and never says a word. He knows too much to talk out of season.

I hope I will always be able to spread a table for the birds. I have enjoyed my present one intensely. For a minimum of

outlay and attention I have been let into the lives of my tiny feathered boarders. My eye has been opened to birds. I see and hear them everywhere: in the mountains, and open fields, along the highways, on the seashore, and around our city dwellings and streets. I have become conscious of a new world, a bird world, existing all around and through our human world, coeval with us, living independently of us.

## Dogs of the 90th Class

JAMES E. KNOWLES

THE English are proud of their ancient traditions, hallowed by time, and are fixed in their customs so staunchly that a new thing causes quite a lot of excitement. Recently English dog lovers held a world dog show in London. A new class of canines was added to the traditional 89 breeds that they have had so long. The new class was labeled "Brave Dogs."

The new group consisted of ten entries. Three had saved their masters by warning of fires; five had rescued or attempted to rescue children. One had saved his owner from an infuriated hog, and an old sheep dog had smothered out flames with his own woolly coat. Although none of the dogs had pedigrees nor boasted of superlative family trees, they caught the sporting fancy of the Britishers and ran away with the prizes.

## EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

### An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

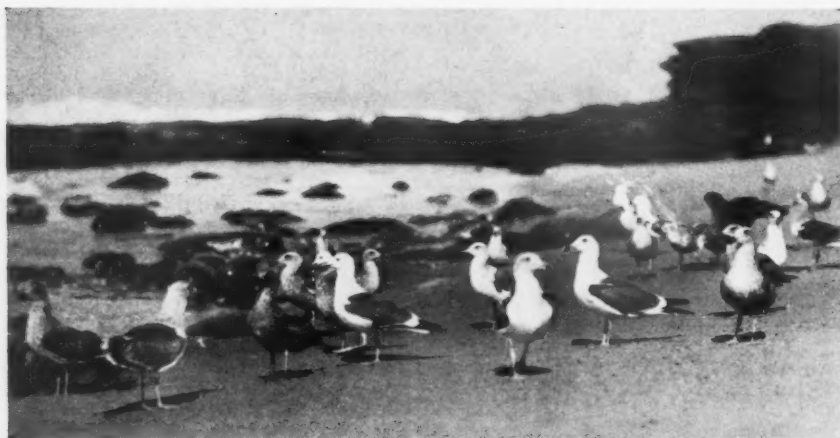
The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, Chairman of Chase Harris Forbes Corporation, Charles G. Bancroft, Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and Philip Stockton, President of the First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.



THE LINNETS EAT THE HEMP SEED RAVENOUSLY





CRIPPLED SEA-GULLS AWAITING FOOD IN SAN DIEGO HARBOR

## Enemies of Corn Ear Worm

WILLIS MEHANNA

**T**HIS year there has been much complaint of the ravages of the corn ear worm, or corn borer. It infested both field corn and sweet corn. Some canning factories were compelled to hire an extra force of workers to cut away portions of ears attacked by these worms at great expense of time and money.

In looking over my cornfields I found but very little damage done by these worms. The reason for this was very easy to find. My fields are close to timber and hedges and there are always a good many such birds as field sparrows, small larks, gold-finches and some birds I do not know the names of that work in the corn and destroy these borers. Even the unpopular English sparrow has been seen devouring them. I have seen the other birds mentioned work on these worms quite a bit. The localities where the greatest damage is done I have noticed have very little timber and hedges to support and furnish homes for birds. The tendency is too much for cutting away timber and hedges. Forests pay for their keep in a good many ways. Birds are the cheapest insect destroyers there are.

## Humane Calendar for 1932

The American Humane Education Society's Calendar for 1932 will be ready for delivery about November 1. It will carry a beautiful colored picture of George Washington mounted on his favorite horse, with Mount Vernon in the background.

The leaves of the pad, one for each month, contain the usual valuable humane hints on the care of animals and are especially adapted to use in Schools.

Price remains the same as in former years: 20 cents per single copy, two for 35 cents; \$1.80 per dozen, post-paid to any address.

The Calendars will be mailed promptly as soon as off the press. Please send orders early to avoid disappointment.

Special printing with Society's name and list of officers, for immediate orders only (November 15 is the limit), 100, \$19; 200, \$34; 300, \$50; 500, \$81; transportation extra.

Address: The American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

## Butterfly Bush

MARIE GRIMES

*Clustered and colored lilac-like,  
With tiny crimson central motes—  
(A hundred to a tapering spike  
On little sweet arresting throats)—*

*Each flower on every starry spray  
Holds secret, sun-brewed, winy  
things*

*Divine enough to tempt and stay  
This airy drift of jeweled wings.*

*It took all nature could combine  
Of sun and dew and flower and skies  
To brew this shyly potent wine  
That so delights my butterflies.*

*I've seen them hang here, white as milk,  
Patterned with dust-brown rings and  
lines,*

*Or fan great wings of yellow silk,  
Jet-spangled in bizarre designs;*

*Or spread, the dense, incredible  
Gloom-color of a moonless night,  
Aware that they were beautiful  
In swaggering, capricious flight;*

*Aware of every brilliant blue  
And orange jewel they displayed,  
When, sensuous and slow, they flew  
Across my path in vain parade.*

*Sweet lilac-fingered buddleia bush,  
I give you over gratefully  
To these gay wings of painted plush  
As long as I may only see!*

## A Fine Suggestion

Our humane societies and the work for which they stand are not given enough publicity, writes Mabel Ketcham Eastman in Sausalita (Calif.) *News*. We need posters, plenty of them. The school children who love to make them cannot turn out too many. Perhaps some of our artists would contribute a few. We would like to see them as frequently as we see cigarette advertisements. If bill boards are to continue we would like to see huge signs suggesting to the world kindness to animals. We would like to see small posters in the street cars suggesting to children gentleness to their pets. This would go forward toward making the world humane minded.

## Breadline for Needy Feather-Folk

T. CHAMBERS ATKINSON

**D**RAMA is forever being enacted down by the land's end.

Take, for instance, the Market Street Sanctuary in San Diego's harbor. The sea-gulls and pelicans do not know it by that name, perhaps, but the shore boat pilots do. One man especially—Jack Paynter, skipper of the cruiser Point Loma—has a soft place in his heart when it comes to sea-gulls and pelicans.

Jack himself wouldn't likely admit it; but his actions always speak louder than words.

The result is that from 15 to 20 gulls and pelicans, injured in deadly combat or just decrepit with age, are receiving hand-outs. They are receiving food they could not get were they left to their own and broken selves.

Excavators, dumping surplus dirt and rock into the bay at the foot of Market Street, have gradually built up quite a reef. The gulls and pelicans have found it, have taken possession of it. Waterfronters refer to it as the Market Street Sanctuary.

Jack discovered the birds were crippled. Some had broken wings. Others had broken legs. All had long faces. Due to their injuries, none could put out to sea. Of necessity they had turned to landlubbers.

Some of the crippled birds had actually been washed on to the rocky area by the tides. But very suddenly they found that instead of being stranded on a barren island, without food or friends, they had reached a land where food was freely given.

Jack Paynter was their Santa Claus.

Daily, Jack manages to spend an hour or so on the Market Street Sanctuary. Jack is pilot of a boat that makes several trips each day out to a great fishing barge anchored several miles at sea. At the barge he secures a bucket, sometimes more, filled with dead sardines. Fish will not eat them, they cannot be used for bait by the fishermen on the barge. Fish are particular. It has to be live bait or they turn their noses up.

But the sea-gulls will eat the dead sardines.

So will the pelicans.

Jack has saved the lives of many birds, and the sanctuary is becoming the topic of conversation in the best sea-gull and pelican families!

Save your crumbs for the birds. They like bones, pieces of suet, fat meat fastened to trees by wire, cracked rice, mixed birdseed, cracked corn, hempseed, nuts, bread, and sunflower seeds.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## Belonging to a Dog

IN that wise and knowing way by which a dog communicates his thoughts, a dog once told me that there are two kinds of people in the world—those who belong to a dog and those who do not. And since then I have found that he was right—unquestionably right.

At first I agreed with reservations.

"Surely," I said to myself, "there must be people who cannot be sharply divided, as one would divide checkers, red for 'do' and black for 'do not'."

But I soon found that that is exactly what can be done.

Try it for yourself sometime. Choose someone whose viewpoint you wish to sound, and whose depth of feeling you wish to plumb, and ask, quite casually, "Did you ever belong to a dog?"

If the answer is "No," it will be "No," and nothing more. The question is asked, answered and forgotten in a moment.

But if "Yes" be the answer, watch the speaking of the eye, the tender curving of the lips in animation, the sparkle of the whole countenance.

"Yes," will come the reply. "Yes, I should say I have belonged to a dog. And let me tell you—"

That is enough. You have the answer. Either they do know what you mean or they do not. The dog was right.

I can well remember the day I set out to join the ranks of the do's.

For a long time I had promised myself that if I were diligent and dutiful and gave strict attention to my work, I should in due time have a dog.

And now it was "due time," and whatever else "due time" may or may not mean, in this case it meant that I was to have a dog—my dog.

When I was asked to state the size, shape, or color of the dog I wanted, I could not tell. And when I was questioned as to the breed or trade name, I was completely at a loss.

For I had one standard only, and that one would have had a strange and peculiar

sound in a world where dogs are named, sorted, and labeled, according to size, shape and points.

Long-haired? Perhaps. Short-haired? Maybe. Woolly? Smooth? Tall? Short? If it were my dog, yes, any one of these might be advantages, but the one great requirement I could not name, the only qualification that truly mattered, was the one of which I could not speak.

For I had set forth to find a dog who had a certain "look" in his eyes,—call it affection, gentleness, loveliness, call it faithfulness, devotion, or worship; call it anything you wish, I could not imagine choosing a dog in any other way.

But how could I tell this to a man who was going to "sell" me a dog?

And so I went from place to place, searching—searching.

I looked into the eyes of many dogs, I found eagerness to serve. I found courtesy, and tender devotion. But I was not quick to choose, for I was looking not so much for a dog who would please me, as for one who would be pleased with me. Brown dog, yellow dog, black dog, white dog? What difference would the color make? Spotted dog? Plain dog? Little dog? Big dog? How could I tell?

At last, I found him. I spoke to him. "Come," I said, and he rose and came near to me, wedging his moist muzzle through the wire mesh of the kennel cage, and sniffing in a soft, whispering way. He raised his great brown eyes, and I knew that I was not mistaken. It was he.

The door was swung open, and he came, not with boisterous leaps, and yelps, and barks, as many another dog might have done, but gravely, quietly. He sniffed me as a matter of form, and lapped my hand. We said no more.

I snapped the new red leash I had brought with me, and we went out.

At the time it did not occur to me that there was anything incongruous in leading forth, at the end of a shining red leash, an animal almost as large as myself. When I bought that leash I must have had in mind a sort of pocket-dog who would fit conveniently into small spaces, or be carried about. But this was no dog to be led at the end of any leash. His very walk, and his long, springing stride scorned the hard pavement. His nostrils constantly sniffed draughts of air far too free for the heavy gray atmosphere of the city. His eyes looked down the snug rows of buildings, as if he would, if he could, push them out of the range of his vision.

Companionship with him made me want to be in the country where the distance is broken only by the horizon, and where the air currents travel a clean, unobstructed way. His size made my small rooms seem smaller still. When he lay down beside my chair with a heavy thump and a long-drawn sigh, the very walls trembled.

I soon grew discontented with high brick walls and weak rays of reflected light, and the flavor of smoke. I found myself looking up at the patch of sky between the buildings, as one will who is feeling hemmed in by the city. And so one day I decided that we would go out into the coun-



WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN ME?

try, where we could run and throw sticks, and do the things we wanted to do.

And thus I began to serve a long apprenticeship. I relinquished certain rights, liberties, and privileges, and took on others. I was no longer free to go and come, but the burden never irked me. Nevertheless, I was forced to admit that I belonged to a dog. I was now his property, to be henceforth the object of his care, devotion, and petty tyranny.

And what a playmate he was! If I wanted to walk, so did he; if I chose a ride, he must ride, too; or if I preferred to stay quietly at home, near a crackling fire, his taste was also for quiet repose.

There were certain things I had not done for years, having somewhere gathered the idea that I might seem to be childish. For instance, for years I had not run full tilt, head back, down the soft green sward of the Esplanade. But this was one of the first things my dog did, and I stood watching him, muscles taut, and breath coming fast, in sympathy with his glorious freedom.

When he came back, panting and smiling, I glowed under his approval. I had been a good master. I had stood by while my dog had his good time.

"If you have a dog, it makes you feel like you are somebody," said a boy who often eats apples in my door-yard. And with the wisdom of his years, which are ten, he had gone straight to the heart of the matter. For if you have a dog, you are somebody and an important somebody, to at least one creature.

E. G. in *Christian Science Monitor*

The friendship of children with birds and animals and other growing forms of life is one of the most beautiful things in the world. To encourage is to water the seed of a glorious blossom; to discourage is to destroy something that the world can never replace.



WANTED—A FAITHFUL MASTER

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and twenty-three new Bands of Mercy were reported during September. Of these, 33 were in Maine, 32 in Georgia, 29 in Rhode Island, 21 in Virginia, five in Pennsylvania, and one each in New York, Mississippi and the British West Indies.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 182,800

## Feeding the Grain Lovers

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

IT is a pleasure to hang a piece of suet in a tree or window and note how soon the chickadee, nuthatch, titmouse, and downy or hairy woodpecker will discover it and tell all their relations to come to the feast. But there are some birds which would very much prefer an ear of corn or a handful of the smaller grains. A few, as the blue jay, will partake of the viands on both tables, but most birds which are fond of the smaller grains do not care a fig for the suet, and *vice versa*.

Plan to get breakfast for them every day, for after you have commenced they will depend upon it and may suffer in consequence if for any reason it is withheld. The smaller grains, as cracked corn, wheat, and buckwheat are preferable, and a mixture of the seeds will surely provide something for all. Cracked sunflower seeds are favorites. In fact, the latter will be snatched from the heads when growing if not promptly gathered as soon as ripe.

The cardinal is a corn lover, and its brilliant plumage makes it a pleasing visitor on the lawn. You will have a chance to study its mate closely. The way the lights fall upon her from time to time prove her as having the same red glints in other parts of her body which show so decidedly in the bill.

If there are ring-necked pheasants in the vicinity, they will surely be your guests, always wary and alert, yet sure to stay until they have made a generous meal. It is interesting to watch them from week to week, and to notice the ever brightening plumage of the males as spring approaches. Some day one may surprise you by alighting on the top of the fence and giving a genuine crow, something like that of a young rooster abbreviated when half finished.

Bobwhites, too, will accept this hospitality, often becoming as much at home as the domestic fowls. Then after they have finished their meal, they may slip into a circle as they do in the woods, all with their heads pointed outward so that, if surprised, they will naturally scatter to the four points of the compass. If the covey

is a large one, the last ones admitted to the circle may back in in a most comical way. Sometimes these coveys are overtaken by an ice storm which forms a crust over them too thick for them to break. Many perish through this fate every year. You will be careful to release any which get caught in this way on your feeding ground.

English sparrows will, of course, join this feast. But they destroy many insects in spite of the fact that they are so much disliked, and so deserve a share.

Most of the smaller birds seem to pay a respectful deference to the ring-necks, and yet we have never seen one really try to harm any other bird, though they do sometimes make funny little side jumps as if trying to entertain themselves by frightening the other birds away.

Do the birds appreciate these favors? Yes, decidedly yes, if we may judge by the certainty that they will remember to return to the place the next year.

## Divided Kingdom

"Who is really the boss in your house?" inquired the friend.

"Well, of course, Maggie assumes command of the children, the servants, the dog, the cat and the canary. But I can say pretty much what I please to the goldfish."

—Montreal Star



Photo by Boston Record

MAYOR WHALEN OF CHELSEA, MASS., POURING WATER INTO THE BIRD BATH PRESENTED TO THE CITY BY MEMBERS OF THE KINDNESS CLUB. THE DEDICATION TOOK PLACE ON THE LAWN OF CHELSEA CITY HALL IN SEPTEMBER.

## A Little Ghost

MINNA IRVING

All day I hear her eager feet  
Come pattering after me,  
And feel a small round head that seeks  
Caresses at my knee,  
And bright dark eyes are looking out  
When doors are standing wide,  
I'm haunted by a tiny ghost,  
The little dog that died.

I've put away her bowl and plate,  
Her sleeping-basket, too,  
Her collar with its shining studs,  
Her blanket red and blue;  
But still her loyal, loving ghost  
Is ever at my side,  
I'm haunted by a little ghost,  
The Boston bull that died.

## Restraining the Dog

The best way to keep a dog that needs restraint is to put him in a yard with a high fence. If this is not practicable, fasten a wire across any yard; on this put an iron ring which, when attached by a cord to the dog's collar, will allow him to run backward and forward the full length of the wire. The yard should have shade as well as sunshine, to protect the dog from too great heat of the sun, and a dish of water.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## HAPPY BOYHOOD OF A PRINCE

Care free and happy are the hours that are spent by Crown Prince Peter of Jugo-Slavia in playing with his bunnies. He has pet names for all of them and likes to feed them himself.

## The Cricket

MARY GILBERT WRAY

*I had a little visitor upon a summer day,  
Who only said, "Gir-rink, gir-rink" before he hopped  
away.*

*He hopped away so quickly that I never, never knew,  
Why he had come, nor yet why he went hopping from  
my view.*

*But when my lamp was burning to light the ev'ning  
gloom,  
Somewhere a funny violin was playing in the room;*

*"Gir-rink, gir-rink" it sounded beside my study chair—  
My funny little visitor was playing for me there.*

*I would not interrupt him, so hidden in the shade,  
For it hardly would be "cricket" to disturb a serenade!*

## Beaver's Little Cousin

MANY persons are incredulous when they are first told that the beaver is a rodent, a more or less close kinsman of rats and mice. His size, his utterly unratlike tail, above all his astonishingly complex set of instincts seem to set him off from these household pests even more remotely than man is set off from monkeys.

There is, however, an excellent intermediate animal to serve as connecting link between the beaver and the more familiar rodents. Nobody will deny that the muskrat is a rat, in spite of his larger size and longer fur. His teeth and his tail alike proclaim the kinship.

As his bodily build marks him an unmistakable rodent, so do his habits point beaverward. He is quite as aquatic as his larger cousin, and like him lives on a diet of twigs and green

stuff at the water's edge, though he doesn't go in for quite such ambitious gnawings. Like the beaver, the muskrat builds domed winter houses out of mud and sticks, though these again are not so pretentious. Finally, just as the muskrat lives in burrows as well as in houses, so also do beavers resort to the river banks. "Bank beavers" are quite familiar animals to naturalists, though they are not played up much in most natural history books.

The muskrat has survived contact with civilization much better than the beaver, partly because of his greater multiplying powers, partly because he is less fussy about interference with his works, and partly because at first his fur was not held in very high esteem. Now, however, with the increasing rarity of the more valuable pelt-bearing animals, muskrat is coming into greater favor, both on its honest own and plucked and dyed, under a variety of trade names.

—Long Island Life

## Cats Are Loyal to Home

IN Philadelphia recently three pets, all belonging to the same mistress, were imprisoned in the wreckage of an apartment house collapse that killed one man and injured several others. "Pepper," "Ginger" and "Petey" could not be found by their mistress immediately after the crash; but she refused to give up hope and took up her station on the edge of the debris, hoping for the best. She loved her pets and, without any coaxing whatever, enlisted the interest of the police and firemen in her quest. After hours and hours of waiting the little gray face of Pepper, her black and gray tiger cat, appeared furtively peeping from amongst the ruins; but before the police could get to him he disappeared in the depths, frightened and timid. Meat failed to coax him out again. Instead, the red tiger face of little Ginger appeared and looked wistfully up at his mistress; but though hungry, he was also wild with fear, and regarded everyone now as an enemy, and he refused to be tempted by his pleading mistress. But at last the lady snatched the frantic, clawing little animal to her and took him to her temporary abode. But Petey the kitten, was still unseen when she left her vigil at midnight, and she gave him up for lost. Early next morning she returned to resume her watch for Pepper, but instead found Petey calmly waiting for her to take him home. Night came on again without Pepper being seen. She could hear him in the ruins; but he was so frightened that he trusted no one. But at last he, too, ventured within the grasp of the lady, who eagerly carried him home to his comrades.

LEO I. MOONEY



## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

## WINGS AGAINST THE MOON, Lew Sarett.

In this volume Mr. Sarett presents his fourth offering of verse, treating largely of animal and bird life. Already ranked among the first of American poets, the author's "Wings Against the Moon" will win new laurels for him because of the sheer poetic value of its contents. Of special interest is the last long poem, "Two Woodsmen Skin a Grizzly Bear," with its vivid description of the toes lost in a steel-trap. Not altogether pleasant reading, it raises the question whether the cruel trap will be outlawed in Canada some day as it already is in several of the States. "The Deer Hunt" is another strong humane plea—how can a person read these tender, sympathetic lines and ever pull trigger on such an animal? As soon "murder a wood-thrush caroling at twilight." But there are many other long and short poems which make "Wings Against the Moon" worthy of a prominent place in the library of every animal lover.

127 pp. \$2.00. New York, Henry Holt & Company.

## PETER, Clarence Hawkes.

Its sub-title is "The Story of Little Stoutheart," as gallant and gamy a fox terrier as ever represented that distinguished strain. From the day of his arrival on a week's trial, which quickly led to permanent possession, he occupies the center of the stage, as it were, in the Browning home. He is the real hero of many a delightfully told tale. His author-master, whose animal stories are a distinctive addition to humane literature, has again interpreted dog nature and character in even more interesting vein than in former books. It is perhaps his best portrayal of those doggy virtues of fidelity, courage and loving service that the four-footed friend reveals and demonstrates towards his lord and master. We heartily recommend this book as a strong appeal for kindness to animals.

217 pp. \$1.50. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

## A BOOK OF VERSES, Willa Hoey.

A brief but select collection of short poems chiefly about animals, privately printed. They are attractive and refreshing. Contributions of verse and prose by this author have previously appeared in several humane publications.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## "Jim Whisky Nazaire—" Dog Hero

MARY BLAKE RINGGOLD

THE passing of this wonderful dog occurred recently in Macon, Georgia.

"Whisky," as he was called, was a German shepherd born in St. Nazaire, France, on May 17, 1917. He served with the French Red Cross organization, and while in this service received a decoration accompanied by a citation which read: "For saving a great many lives of wounded French soldiers who would undoubtedly have died had they not received immediate medical attention." This great work was accomplished thus:

Whisky was trained to recognize only the French uniform, and after a battle he would go on the field and search for wounded French soldiers. He carried with him at all times a small canteen fastened to his neck, and a first-aid packet fastened to his back. If the soldier was slightly wounded the dog would stop long enough to permit him to help himself to the contents of the canteen or the first-aid packet, and after these articles had been replaced by the soldier Whisky would go on to the next man. When he came upon a soldier too badly wounded to help himself, Whisky would take his cap or some part of his equipment to the field hospital, and attendants would then follow the dog back to the wounded man. Many lives were thus saved.

Whisky's service was so marked that the army officials later decided to transfer him to the 17th French Field Artillery, operating in the Argonne Forest, where he was put under a new course of training, dispatch work and outpost duty. After being perfectly trained he was in time awarded a medal accompanied by this citation: "For making a record time in delivering a dispatch."

Later, while delivering a dispatch one day, the faithful dog came in contact with a high explosive. His body was hurled about twelve feet in the air and both his front legs were broken by shrapnel. He was then given another citation reading: "For displaying almost human intelligence." This was not for any particular deed, but for all his labor.

After being wounded Whisky contracted distemper, and his owner, a Frenchman, believing that the dog had little chance for recovery, sold him to an American officer. Mr. Harry E. Pape, a captain of United States Infantry overseas, bought him from this officer, at the close of the war, and brought him to this country. Mr. Pape,

now living in Macon, Georgia, owned him at the time of Whisky's death.

The dog's original owner was a French barber who later became a captain in the French army, where he was known simply as "Jim the barber." Today he operates a barber shop in Paris. The Jim in Whisky's name was given him from his master and the Nazaire on account of his having been born in St. Nazaire. Whisky is from a French word meaning quick, fast or fleet, and pronounced "whiska." The English word "whisk" which we use when we say "An automobile whisked by," or a "whisk broom," is taken from this French word and Whisky was given this name on account of his fleet-footedness. Of course, when he was Americanized his name also was Americanized, and ever after he was known as "plain old Whisky," according to Mr. Pape.

"Whisky was undoubtedly the most intelligent and lovable animal I ever came in contact with," Mr. Pape declared. "He was a great protector of women and children. He understood French, German and English and obeyed commands explicitly in all three."

Whisky leaves five pups, who, it is hoped, may be trained to do even a small fraction of the good that he did.

## SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

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None.

Guy Richardson, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this seventh day of October, 1931.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public  
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Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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